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ORIGINAL POETRY.

VIRTUE.

Oh! where is an object of love?
An object on which we can place
The affection that came from above—
That ever shall pray for our grace?
For love is a heav'n-born flame,
That glows on its altar—the soul;
And where there's a spirit that came
From the fountain whence goodness doth roll,
It elicits to that spirit with fervent desire,
And the longer it holds it, the flame burns the higher.

I saw a young virgin—she bent
Her steps to the hush of the poet;
So kind, that wherever she went
They hail'd her at every door.
To the sick she administer'd health,
Bade the swearer retain his rude breath;
To the indigent open'd her wealth,
And soften'd the pillow of death.

And then with the blessings of thousands she knelt,
And pray'd for support to the weakness she felt.
The virgin was modest and fair,
The sparkle of health in her eye,
She moved with a beautiful air,
And her happiness seem'd in the sky—
For ever she lifted a glance,
And pray'd for a mansion above;
The maidens beheld her pure trance,
And call'd her the object of love.

Affection was pleas'd with her mind and her face,
And Virtue rewards him with peace for his grace.
Philad. Jan. 23, 1835. ALONZO.

WOMAN.

Oh! woman, it is time to know
The extremes of joy, the extremes of woe;
Thy heart is bound by numerous ties,
By endless tender sympathies.
Say, when on Friendship's breast thou'rt leaning,
When Love's eyes are on thee beaming—
When soothing accents meet thy ear,
Soft as those which angels hear,
Does not delight pervade thy breast?
Art thou not of Heaven possessed?

But oh! when Death thy joys doth blast,
When hopes long cherish'd, sink at last;
When Friendship dies, and Love decays,
The heart thou trusted in, betrays—
Does not despair speak thro' the gloom;
The wretch's refuge is the tomb?

Both joys and sorrows intervene,
To cheer or o'er life's fleeting scene;
To soothe life's cares, or joys are given,
And woe, to turn our views to Heaven.

SCHIBBS.

POVERTY.

I do detest thee, penury! thy fangs
Seem fetters, chaining genius with the dust.
The very dregs of nature, abject minds,
If fortune's golden train they wear,
Claim privilege beyond that of thy sons!
The low-born soul, contemptible in deed,
And the proud worklings reeking from the mire,
If but beyond the venom of thy stings,
Showers contempt on the indigent.

The cold, the heartless mushroom of an hour
Gives his contempt, and slanders forth disdain
Upon the poor!—Avaunt thee, then, from me!
Thy ragged banners, dark'ning on my view
Gleam horrid, midnight phantoms! Take them
Hence!

In mercy take them hence, or black despair
Will sink me to the regions of the dead!—
Yet yes, who riot on the lap of wealth,
Think not external glare covers the void,
The void of soul—venosity of mind
For which ye shine pre-eminent. Nor think
The woe-born children of misfortune, deem
Themselves less noble, though their vestments be
Rent in a thousand tatters!—They shall rise
With spotted garments in celestial skies!
FREDERICK.

THE BANDIT'S CAVE.

The moon arose o'er the mountain-tree,
And the night was calm and still,
The Bandit smil'd in his usual glee,
As he saw by the moon that the sea,
A fair maid, as she gaz'd on the sea,
From the top of a low-lying hill.

This night, said the Bandit, shall that maid
Sleep safe in a stranger's home,
Or in the earth her form shall be laid,
How joyful that I by the moonlight stray'd,
To find the princess alone—he said,
And bade her with him come.

O spare, said the princess, spare my shame,
On the silent mountain's brow,
O let not the moon blush at my name,
Nor the wood-nymph smile at my blasted fame,
For I cannot be your wedded dame,
I have seal'd my sacred vow.

Then come, said the Bandit, in my cave
This night thou art doom'd to dwell,
Thou shalt see hands shall dig thy grave,
Along by the beach where the rolling wave,
And the howling winds shall o'er thee rave,
And the sea-god tell thy knell.

He grasp'd the maid by her slender waist,
As the wild scream broke in air,
And swift down the rock he fled in haste,
And the winding path thro' the woodland trac'd,
As o'er his shoulder the hung, and grac'd
The demon of dark despair.

In the midnight gloom of forest glen,
Where the raven perch'd on high,
The Bandit plac'd the maid in his den,
All stain'd with the crimson of murder'd life,
He said, thy vow is so more—and then—
Prepare, fair maiden, to die.

She scream'd again, but the Bandit's knife
Drank deeply the purple gore,
And out at her side flow'd the stream of life,
And never was seen the betrothed wife,
For sunk in the murderous bloody strife,
Her grave was dug on the shore.

The Bandit gaz'd on his jewels bright,
Which he from her neck did tear;
But he started back in bewilder'd fright,
As he held in his hand by broad day-light,
The portrait of her he kill'd that night,
And name of his daughter fair!

MILFORD BARD.

The following lines were written by a young
gentleman of New York, (now deceased,) to his
friend in this city. The play upon the word *Eyre*,
(the name of a young lady of his native place,) is
somewhat amusing.—*Sincer.*

You ask how it happens that one so delicate,
Should become so unsettled and giddy of late;
And how the dark vapours that shadow'd my brow,
Should be chased by the follies that circle these
now;
And I answer, (still more to excite your surprise)
For I know I am strangely transform'd in your
eyes!

The change you have witness'd, I vow and declare,
Is simply and solely occasion'd by *Eyre*.
The air of the north-west is bracing and keen,
But the *Eyre* I admire, is pure, mild and serene.

The breeze of the South brings its clouds and its
show'rs,
But the *Eyre* that I love brings me sunbeams and
flow'rs.

No gloom can o'ershadow, no clouds can o'erspread,
While my *Eyre*'s balmy influence floats o'er my
head,
And nature blooms sweeter, and blossoms more
fair.

When cheer'd by the life-breathing smiles of my
Eyre.
The notes of the lover's lute, breathing at night,
Awaken the echoes to blissful delight,

And lightly they fall on the ear of his love,
As the gentle response of the murmuring dove;
But dearer to me than the love-whisper'd tale,
And softer than lover's notes borne on the gale,
Is the goddess that reigns o'er my soul's atmos-
phere.

My charming, sweet, lovely, young, goddess of
Eyre.
The soldier may labour for laurels and fame—
The poet and patriot toil for a name—
The miser may count o'er his long hoarded gain—
The mariner roam o'er the wide trackless main:
I seek not their pleasures, nor envy their store;
I ask but one blessing, and wish for no more—
Ye gods be my witness, and hear me declare,
My thoughts and affections are center'd in *Eyre*.

THE DEMAND MADE UPON THE ANIMAL POWERS
IN A SOCIETY LIKE THIS MUST BE ENORMOUS,
AND CERTAINLY ought to be considered as an ample
apology for those temporary indiscretions
into which men are occasionally plunged.—
Colloquial talents of a higher order are found
to be in the possession of few, and hence
many are anxious to display the shadow be-
cause the substance is beyond their reach.—
This was the only manner in which I was able
to account for the ardour with which these in-
toxicating liquors were sought, as it must be
confessed by every man of sensibility, that to
be seated by a beautiful woman without the
power of speech is no small misfortune.

I must remark to the credit of the women,
that during the evening they manifested the
greatest moderation, and what was attributed
to the stomach was amply supplied by the
moderate activity of another member. It is
the manner of drinking which decides the
title to the epithet of a polite person, as the
emptying of a glass immediately would be a
sufficient reason, for the expulsion of any in-
dividual from fashionable society. A proper
attention to these subjects, becomes therefore
a matter of the very first importance to all
who are interested in maintaining a certain
character in the world. There is one circum-
stance which it were impolitic to pass over in
a history of this nature, because it clearly elu-
cidates the absurd principles upon which man-
kind proceed. Should candour be admitted
in the council of friends, to visit the abode of
an unfortunate creature, it is common to
round and endeavour to raise contributions
for his relief. Now it happened in this very
company, an attempt was made to raise a sum
of money to rescue a wretched being from a
serious calamity into which he had fallen.—
All were ready to put their names before very
considerable sums, and I pleased myself with
the idea that among all this folly there was yet
a spark of benevolence; Israel, however, soon
informed me that every one of them would
find a plausible excuse for not making a
prompt payment.

The mode of apparel used by the females
has a different effect from that which obtains
in the Eastern country, and unhappily exerts
a deleterious influence on their health and
private comfort. There is nothing, however,
can stand against pride and the love of dress,
which are ordinarily combined in the same
person, and which gives a marked impression
to every act in life. To gratify these passions
no labour is deemed superfluous, and no diffi-
culty is sufficient to damp the ardour of pur-
suit. For this the gloomy night is passed in
melancholy musing, and the tedious day in
efforts to surpass a friend, or to vie in the
dust the aspiring pretensions of some fair
rival. Women in every age have indulged a
fond predilection for their personal charms,
and as regards this particular, are all the
subjects of an envious disposition—it is a feeling
which in moderation should not be too harsh-
ly restrained, as it is susceptible of being made
the foundation of many interesting and amiable
affections. It will not be necessary to point
these out, as their effects have been both seen
and felt in every region of the habitable earth.

Now, said Israel, let us examine them a lit-
tle more closely, and ascertain the extrava-
gances to which folly inevitably leads. But
whatever be our reasons for congratulating
each other that we did not live in the degene-
rated days of our less favoured ancestors, it
were folly to deny that vice is still a formidable
foe of virtue. This position, I believe
even the most enthusiastic will not attempt to
 overturn. The object of your interesting pa-
per, gentlemen, is the promotion of literature,
and the purpose of aiding the cause of virtue
by literary exertions not foreign to its design.
It is for this reason that I take the liberty of
asking you why it is, that at the present day,
in a country where the liberty of the press is
cherished and protected as one of the choicest
privileges and guards of freedom, we cannot
boast the existence of a paper written on the
plan of the Spectator, the Father, or some of
those elegant productions which continue to
gratify, at the present day, the great-grand-
children of those for whose instruction and
amusement they were composed. I scarcely
anticipate that an equally elegant composition
with that of Addison or of Steele would be
found in any author of the present day, but

improvements would certainly ensue after
some little period, and I venture to predict
that we can as well be laughed at as
others could before us. None of your readers,
I am sure, will have the hardihood to say
that a paper, (I mean a periodical essayist
which should confine itself to moral, critical,
and literary topics, and which should have
for its aim the giving a character to the taste
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tors, there are among our citizens many gen-
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sional essay to such a publication, but who
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devoutly to be wished by all the friends of litera-
ture. I am gentlemen, very respectfully yours,
D. W.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA DISPLAYED.
There were some, however, who did not al-
together fancy such a measure, and conse-
quently helped themselves to liberal portions
of wine, the curse of our faith, but to judge
from its effects there must be some secret
charm concealed in its ruby tint. In one of
the apartments there stood a large machine,
which in appearance was neither a table nor
yet a pile of drawers, while it was made to
fulfil the purposes of both. Upon the top there
was arranged numerous vessels of glass, and
liquors so potent that when drank they gave
origin to a delirium of the most violent kind.
It was fashioned of the best mahogany, and
so exquisitely polished that all the other mir-
rors might well have been dispensed with;
the handles were made of fine cut glass, and
the supports upon which it stood were elegantly
carved into the form of lion's claws.—
Around this repository of balm for every care,
there was continually to be found some of the
party, whose wearied spirits required some
exhilarating draught to give them a proper
tone.

The demand made upon the animal powers
in a society like this must be enormous,
and certainly ought to be considered as an ample
apology for those temporary indiscretions
into which men are occasionally plunged.—
Colloquial talents of a higher order are found
to be in the possession of few, and hence
many are anxious to display the shadow be-
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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Messrs. Editors—However much the world
may have improved during the last half cen-
tury, in which bible and education societies
have been waging a deadly warfare with vice,
is a question difficult to solve, and whose an-
swer would prove of little benefit. But
whatever be our reasons for congratulating
each other that we did not live in the degene-
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profound veneration. A stranger might be
led to conclude their exalted some secret
virtue, as we pass to other and more exalting
observations, and objects are now to arise be-
fore us upon which angels may look with
pleasure. Now it will be lawful for thee to
indulge a generous emotion, and to encourage
a noble desire of emulation.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
OBADIAH SHAMEFACE'S EPISTLE.
No. 2.
Messrs. Editors—Candour, or rather the
desire for candid expressions, seems at present
among a great many to be altogether out of
fashion; it is generally found in the greatest
abundance where there is an assembly of su-
perannuated old Maids; but even there it is
corrupted with a certain sentimentalism,
which almost sets one's teeth on edge to loo-
ken to. Now it is very seldom that I observe
myself in such lofty expressions as the fore-
going, unless some peculiar incident occurs to
elicit them—and as something of that nature
has happened, perhaps it would not be amiss
to inform you and your readers of it, it is a
detail of facts—don't be alarmed, it is not
lengthy, that is, very lengthy. The word
detail generally implies something tedious and
uninteresting I believe, but as I have deviated
from established custom in more instances
than one, I shall add to the number by doing so
again. Since coming to this great city to live,
I have become acquainted with very many
persons, some of whom are termed *cant* *fellows*,
which signifies that they can drink wine,
swear most manfully, kick up a row at the
theatre, and altogether "shine out" with great
brilliance. Now among this worthy crew there
is one fellow with a pretty face, who having
accidentally got lost on the banks of a mil-
lion, thought nothing would do but that he
must turn poet, and make very pretty verses.

He went to work and read all Shakespeare,
"who," he says, "was a capital fellow—all
fire—originally—naturally gifted with genius—
super-eminent powers of conversation," and a
great many such like words, that amount to
the same thing, which puts me in mind of do-
ing sums at school three or four ways and
making them all come out alike. After read-
ing, and learning a good deal of Shakespeare
by heart, he felt perfectly prepared to com-
mence operations; and did so. He sent some
of his pieces to the editor of a newspaper,
which were criticised so harshly that he
"voiced people had no judgment now a days,
that the editor he always thought was ra-
ther a shallow man in his understanding, but
now he was fully convinced of it." The other day
he (Charles Butterby by name) came to me
with a very poetical phrase, which is a pale fa-
—abstracted looks, and other symptoms, with
which you are better acquainted than myself.
"Obadiah," says he, "Obadiah, I always
wished to have a friend, a sentimental friend,
one like myself, who despises the vain frivolity
of the mind, who soars aloft on the wings
of imagination and ends his flight in the re-
gion of the muses." He said a great deal
more which I cannot remember, or in fact un-
derstand, for he uses very big words; at last
says he, "and such a friend I have at last found
in you." I opened my mouth and eyes, Why—
why Charles what do you mean—I can't com-
prehend you. "Why Obadiah," says he, "the
upshot of the thing is this, that I never found
a person in whom I could confide so well as
yourself." I now began to understand him,
he continued, "I have been writing a piece
which I wish to show you." I told him it
would give me great pleasure to peruse it,
(you see I'm coming on in city phrases) he
then handed me a paper of verses addressed
to a young lady—I read them—Charles, said
I, if you take my advice you will correct this
a little, for I perceive some false grammar in
it. "Pooh, pooh," said he "you don't under-
stand Obadiah, you must know my 'country
buck,' that poets have a more extended la-
titude than any other class of writers—that is,
they are allowed (for the sake of rhyme, me-
trelsy and measure) to depart not only from
strict Orthography, but occasionally from
sense; as for instance, in Milton's Paradise
lost, there are several "palpable bulls," and
the immortal Shakespeare himself has not al-
together steered clear of little inconsistencies.
As to what Milton or Shakespeare has
said, wrote or done, replied I, is nothing to
me, as I never read those versifiers, though I
think in large words one or two mistakes can
easily be pardoned; but in a short com-
plicated effusion, such as yours, I think there
should not be a single mistake, and I men-
tion, as you call it, *versification*. "Why,"
replied he, "I never saw such a simpleton in
all my life, I really thought you possessed
more discrimination and more friendship, but
I see you have become contaminated since
leaving the country, and forsooth must ac-
cuse yourself for a critic—ridiculous! you could
do a great deal better, I think, were you fol-
lowing your plough, and then you could co-
gratulate and criticize, and at last become a
second Burns." Now, Messrs. Editors, I knew
he was making fun of me, which warmed me
a little, and made me tell him I'd better throw
his piece in the fire. "No I won't," he re-
plied, "if I possessed no better judgment than
yourself. But come, it won't do, indeed it
won't, for you to begin criticizing already—
the ladies will laugh at you—the men will
call you a fool, in short you will appear as
the disadvantage possible—indeed you are
more incorrigible than Brutus, in the play,
towards Cassius. When I produced the pa-
per of verses it was not with the idea of hav-
ing all the errors pointed out, but that you
might see the beauties existing in it." I told
him it was my wish to be candid with him—
"Candid!" interrupted he pettishly, "you had
not the candour to praise where it was worthy,
and I am sure there are parts partaking very
much of the elegance of poetry." That may
be, replied I, but being such a simpleton you
fly into such a desperate rage at what I say,
my opinion you should disregard. I will not,
Messrs. Editors, enumerate all he said, only
that he left me in a violent passion, declaring
"he never would favour me with a sight of
another piece of his poetry." You see, Sirs,
what a dreadful situation I am in—if I give my
opinion *moderately*, I am laughed at, and if I at-
tempt to flatter a person, I feel ashamed of
myself, which is a great deal worse to go to
sleep upon.

Hoping you will excuse me for detaining
you thus long, I end with subscribing myself
your friend, OBADIAH SHAMEFACE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PULASKI.
This gallant soldier was a native of Poland,
whose disastrous history is well known.—
Vainly struggling to restore the lost indepen-
dence of his country, he was forced to seek
personal safety by his abandonment. Pulaski,
with a few men, in the year 1771, carried off
king Stanislaus from the middle of his capi-
tal, though surrounded by a numerous body
of guards, and a Russian army. The king

soon escaped and declared Pulaski an enemy.
Hearing of the glorious struggle to which we
were engaged, he hastened to the aid of
America, and encountered almost equal suc-
cess and our fortunes. Congress bestowed
upon him the commission of a major-general,
with a view, as was rumored, of placing him
at the head of the American cavalry, a line of
service in which he had been brave. But his
ignorance of our language, and the dissent of
our officers to his foreign superiority, vitiated
this project. He was then authorized to raise a
regimentary corps, appointing his own officers.
Indefatigable and persevering, he soon
collected about two hundred infantry and two
hundred horses, made up of all arms, wholly
of German deserters. His officers were gen-
erally fugitives, with some American soldiers
this was the case. The most noted of these
after having some time in the service of the
king, was sent to the United States, in the
month of November. There, however, he found
the ignorant Polish, who have been the
champion of his rights, and in the end
made him a prisoner, and sent him to the
rising liberties of his adopted country.

He was sober, diligent and industrious, gen-
erally in his manners, and accessible to all.
He was very reserved, and when he was re-
quired to speak, he spoke in a guarded man-
ner. Those who knew him intimately, spoke
highly of the sublimity of his spirit, and the
generosity of his friendship. Considering this
heterogeneous corps, fully equipped and
well mounted, the brave Pulaski encountered
difficulties and dangers. There is
there a doubt if he had been successful in his
language, and better acquainted with our cus-
toms and country, he would have become one
of our most conspicuous and useful officers.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
LAST OF THE MOHICANS.
The following animated description, selected
from the last Novel of Mr. Cooper, "The
Last of the Mohicans," will give our readers an
idea of the work.
It appears to be peculiarly the province
of Mr. Cooper to rescue from oblivion the
story of early American warfare. The Last
of the Mohicans is evidently another attempt
to hold the Promethean torch to the annals
of those times which still the blood seems to
throb upon. This period of our history is
immersed in an ocean of mystery. Little does
the great mass of our population imagine,
while enjoying all the blessings of civil, polit-
ical, and religious liberty, that the very
fields which now yearly fill the garner of our
husbandmen with the richest products of in-
dustry, were once the scenes of slaughter and
of carnage, unknown to other spheres; and
that, too, in many instances, within the re-
membrance of man.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.
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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
OBADIAH SHAMEFACE'S EPISTLE.
No. 2.
Messrs. Editors—Candour, or rather the
desire for candid expressions, seems at present
among a great many to be altogether out of
fashion; it is generally found in the greatest
abundance where there is an assembly of su-
perannuated old Maids; but even there it is
corrupted with a certain sentimentalism,
which almost sets one's teeth on edge to loo-
ken to. Now it is very seldom that I observe
myself in such lofty expressions as the fore-
going, unless some peculiar incident occurs to
elicit them—and as something of that nature
has happened, perhaps it would not be amiss
to inform you and your readers of it, it is a
detail of facts—don't be alarmed, it is not
lengthy, that is, very lengthy. The word
detail generally implies something tedious and
uninteresting I believe, but as I have deviated
from established custom in more instances
than one, I shall add to the number by doing so
again. Since coming to this great city to live,
I have become acquainted with very many
persons, some of whom are termed *cant* *fellows*,
which signifies that they can drink wine,
swear most manfully, kick up a row at the
theatre, and altogether "shine out" with great
brilliance. Now among this worthy crew there
is one fellow with a pretty face, who having
accidentally got lost on the banks of a mil-
lion, thought nothing would do but that he
must turn poet, and make very pretty verses.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A TRIBUTE

To the memory of Mrs. Rebecca L. Adams, who departed this life on the 21st inst.

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EDGAR.

FROM THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ADVOCATE.

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STANZAS.

Go, mark him on the shattered mast,
When lightning round him play;
When Death, upon the whirling blast,
Proclaims a victim's prey!

From the London Times.

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From the London Times.

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THE SITUATION OF THE GREEKS.

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EDGAR.

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RAILROADS.

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From the London Times.

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WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

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UNITED STATES MINT.

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THE LEHIGH CANAL AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

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THE CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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COMMODORE PORTER HAS GONE TO NEW-YORK.

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ATTEMPTING TO DIG A CELLAR LAST WEEK.

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THE BANKRUPT BILL WHICH HAS BEEN REPORTED TO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

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THE BILL BROUGHT IN TO THE MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.

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LETTERS FROM NEW ORLEANS, RECEIVED IN CHARLOTTE.

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ON TUESDAY, (SAYS THE BUFFALO JOURNAL OF THE 28TH ULTIMO) MR. JAMES ADAMS, OF AUGUSTA, GEOR.

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FROM THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK STATE.

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